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THE COMMONWEAL

232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Shorter Work Week?

AMERICAN visitors to the Soviet Union are still struck by the contrast between certain spectacular achievements and the paucity of consumers goods. Tourists tend to doubt the Khrushchev boast about outproducing this country within a decade, even though living standards are improving and rate of growth is impressive. But is Gross National Product going to be the deciding factor in the cold war? A healthy, progressing American economy operating under conditions of relative freedom will assuredly suffice, regardless of the eventual over-all production figures.

There are more immediate reasons for concern. Over nine hundred urban-industrial, rural, "small-labor-market" and Indian reservation areas in this country are classified as depressed and eligible for Area Redevelopment. In these areas, inhabited by thirty-five million Americans, the median family income of less than $1,600 is only a quarter of the national median. Unemployment in these regions averages over ten per cent. Living standards there leave much to be desired.

Abroad, the human need—in Latin America, Asia and Africa, particularly—is even more intensive and widespread. Acutely lacking are not only food, clothing and adequate shelter but the implements and facilities (and admittedly the technical skills) through which the various peoples in underdeveloped nations could begin to provide these vital necessities.

Some observers ascribe the lag in certain sectors of our national economy to a "law of reasonable saturation." At this stage they find that Americans have about as many autos as could reasonably be expected. There will be annual replacements, but the possibility of expanding the domestic car market, in their view, is limited. Moreover, in a few short years TV sets have been sold, for good or ill, to nearly ninety per cent of the potential domestic market. A number of other products are in similar case.

The speed-up of American productivity per man hour has culminated in automation. As many of those displaced by more efficient means of production are unskilled or semi-skilled workers, long-term unemployment of the most stubborn sort results. With new automated methods companies often reach a point where they can profitably operate at fractional capacity; it is said that U.S. Steel can do so when operating at only thirty per cent.

IT IS NECESSARY to consider labor's drive for a shorter work week in view of the foregoing: the demands of the cold war, the manifold unmet human needs in this country and overseas and this nation's already unused productive capacity. To refer to these elements is in no way to deny the difficulties which American workers now face, especially in certain key industries. It is rather to suggest that in a world torn by the cold war and woefully short of life's necessities there must be better ways of attacking their employment problem than by reducing the forty-hour work week and thereby cutting production.

In addition to acknowledging the worker's plight in the mining, steel, textile and other industries, we wish to emphasize that there is no reason why *he* should be singled out and expected to jeopardize his well being for the sake of a broader good. His response to appeals for self-sacrifice on wages and hours is hardly surprising.

Ever since the 1930's American economists have been seeking feasible means of transforming potential into effective consumer demand, of building up purchasing power. According to the London *Economist,* the peoples of Western Europe believe that they have come up with an effective answer. As evidence they point to four years of uninterrupted economic growth, with appreciably rising profits, wages and living standards and negligible unem-

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ployment. (And curiously enough without satisfying four-fifths of their potential domestic market for private cars and TV sets.)

It would be easy to say that such an achievement is wholly due to the stimulus of the Common Market. But Europeans could call attention to certain deliberate policies which would be highly unpalatable in the United States. "The sin of spending yourself rich," is the way the *Economist* describes them. In any case the primary object is to develop and sustain high consumer demand; the means are planned government deficits and deliberate "creeping inflation."

Western Europe starts with lower living standards and more of a mixed economy than America and more fully developed welfare states. It has different conditions to contend with and works out of a varying group of national traditions. Four years of marked economic growth are not finally conclusive. But the extent of Europe's success is imposing enough to require study. Present European methods might well suggest new approaches that would reduce unemployment by utilizing America's manpower and productive plant to a degree consonant with the requirements for private consumption and public need here and overseas.

An Imaginative Plan

AS ANY regular rider can attest, passenger service on Northeastern seaboard railroads is terrible. Not only are delays frequent, breakdowns common and schedules erratic, the passenger cars themselves are as often as not dirty and drafty. Any story the disillusioned air traveler can tell about delays and frustrations can easily be matched by the ground-borne rail traveler. Nor is there any person quite so hapless as the one who, wary of airline delays, turns to the train for security—unless, perhaps, it be the man who turns from trains to planes for the same reason.

In such a situation, it is easy to see why the travel-worn should look with an eager eye upon almost any new proposal made for the resuscitation of railroad passenger service. Hence, the recent proposal of Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island for a nine-state Northeast Rail Agency is very welcome. On the face of it, Senator Pell's plan makes considerable sense. It calls for a multi-state public authority which would raise, by a bond issue, $500 millions in capital in order to purchase existing tracks and right of way and to modernize and improve Northeastern passenger service, equipment and facilities.

Pointing to the obvious decline in passenger service, revenue and riders, Senator Pell's plan calls for a public authority as the only way to reverse the trend downward. Moreover, the plan he proposes, because of the public bond issue, would circumvent the necessity of turning to the federal government for subsidies or loans. That such a plan is practical has, he believes, been shown by the success of the Port of New York Authority which has easily sold its bond offerings and has provided a prototype for interstate cooperation.

While it is easy enough to be skeptical of some of Senator Pell's predictions—modern passenger cars moving along the track every fifteen minutes, for instance—his plan does offer an alternative to the makeshift schemes proposed in the past. For that reason, it is certainly worth a serious and careful look by the Northeastern states. If successful, the plan could provide a model for the rest of the country.

Outmoded 'Grandeur'

TAKEN BY itself, a statement by a national leader that his country desires "our own share of our own destiny" is perfectly unexceptionable. Self-determination and legitimate self-interest remain, even in an age of internationalism, viable goals. Hence, out of context, President Charles de Gaulle's expression of French aspirations is hardly objectionable. France is a major European power and, quite properly, not the pawn of any other nation.

Unfortunately, de Gaulle has now made it clear that he envisages the destiny of France in terms quite different from those of his Atlantic Alliance allies. To complicate matters, his conception of France's destiny entails a radically different version of European unity from the prevailing one. For not only does de Gaulle want a more independent France, he wants as well an independent Europe which will stand between the "Anglo-Saxons" and the Russians. He wants a Europe, that is, dependent neither on Russia nor America but capable of taking an independent course—and equipped with the nuclear and economic strength necessary to make this ideal a reality. To aggravate matters, Chancellor Adenauer has, by his silence at least, indicated that he will not stand in the way of Charles de Gaulle's vision.

As the blueprint of de Gaulle's notion of a new French "grandeur" emerges, its implications are already becoming painfully clear. For one thing, it has come to mean French resistance to some major Anglo-American foreign policy tactics—the French boycott of the Geneva disarmament talks and scorn for any Berlin negotiations are salient instances. For

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another, it almost certainly means the emergence in the near future of France as a nuclear power. But most importantly, France's new aspirations pose a genuine threat to NATO on the one hand and to an expanded European Economic Community on the other.

It is perfectly possible, of course, to sympathize with General de Gaulle's desires. No nation, particularly one with a long tradition of independence, can be expected to relish a position of apparent subordination to other nations. No nation can be expected automatically to relinquish its own destiny for the sake of the good of other nations. Yet, at certain moments in history, it is precisely the unexpected and unlikely which is required for the mutual survival of all nations. Can anyone doubt that this is such a moment? Can anyone doubt that a self-seeking resurgence of European nationalism would be disastrous for the future of Western and European unity?

It appears obvious that General de Gaulle is not assailed by doubts of any kind. More distressing still, de Gaulle appears increasingly unwilling to work out compromises with his allies on disputed matters. He appears to be as aloof and stubborn with America and Great Britain as he is with the Soviet Union. Ironically, the very virtues of personality which contributed much to a cease-fire in Algeria constitute a major stumbling-block to Western unity: stubbornness, persistence and deafness to criticism.

More ironic still is the contrast between de Gaulle's desire to disengage France from its colonial past and his desire, at the same time, to return to an outworn concept of "national interest." For nothing is quite so outworn—and outlandish—as the belief that the free nations can unilaterally chart their own course and achieve a "grandeur" which is not common to all. The splendor of the isolated, independent country is a thing of the past; it is neither grand nor realistic today. A good ideal at the wrong moment in history can be as damaging as a false ideal.

A Milestone and a Challenge

CATHOLIC EFFORTS in the field of race relations have in one sense come of age. From a tiny, visionary movement sustained by the merest handful of dedicated men, the cause of interracial justice is now supported by many thousands of supporters and friends all over the country. From one pioneering Catholic Interracial Council in the city of New York, established thirty years ago by Father John LaFarge, S.J., and George K. Hunton, the interracial movement has grown to forty-nine councils and a national organization, the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice. From an ideal that was once thought to be the concern only of eccentrics or worse, interracial justice as a part of Catholic responsibility has become a fundamental and vital part of the teachings of the Church for countless schools, seminaries, parishes, and religious orders, including now the Third Order of St. Francis and its more than one hundred thousand members in North America.

Another sign that Catholic work for more Christ-like race relations has entered a new era is the retirement this year, from their posts of chaplain and executive secretary respectively of the New York C.I.C., of Father John LaFarge and George Hunton, the two men who for decades came close to being in themselves the Catholic interracial movement. Father LaFarge and George Hunton were once young radicals in the eyes of many Catholics; now they are grand old men, praised and honored on every side. The transformation their reputations have undergone is ironic, of course, but not unusual. People very often take pride and satisfaction in the accomplishment of work which they themselves in no way advanced, perhaps scoffed at or deplored, sometimes even impeded.

Thus all Catholics take pride in the achievements of Father LaFarge and George Hunton, and feel a share in the honors they have won. It is well that all of us have this pride, but it is well too for us to remember how little right we have to it. If Father LaFarge and George Hunton can feel that they have accomplished much and are ready now to put down some of the burdens they have carried for a lifetime, there are not many others of us who can share their feelings. What has the average Catholic accomplished in the cause of interracial justice? How many of us have carried any of the burden in this long, painful struggle?

For the fact is that race relations in this country, as practiced by Catholics as much as other Americans, are more often than not marked by the most scandalous injustice and cruelty. It is an index chiefly of how desperately bad the situation was a few decades ago that we congratulate ourselves on conditions today, with discrimination and segregation still rampant in our schools, neighborhoods, hospitals and parishes.

The occasion of the retirement of Father LaFarge and George Hunton is not, then, a time for self-congratulation for a task well done. These two trailblazers in the interracial movement are the first to proclaim that Catholics have only begun to do the work that must be done to repair the ravages of the sin of racism and to help build a new and

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truly Christian social order. Their successors—Father Philip S. Hurley, S.J., for many years Father LaFarge's assistant and now his replacement as chaplain to the New York C.I.C., and Dennis Clark, former supervisor of the Housing Division of the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations and new executive secretary of the New York Council—obviously feel the same way. Their faces too are set determinedly toward the future, not the past.

Consequently, among the first projects undertaken by Father Hurley and Dennis Clark is a tribute-dinner for the men whose posts they have assumed, but a tribute-dinner with a difference. It is not to be merely an evening of honorifics and testimonials, however suitable such an affair might be. In addition to the uniquely deserved tribute to the two guests of honor, and according to the wishes of Father LaFarge and George Hunton themselves, it is to be a frankly fund-raising dinner, with the theme of "Tomorrow Is Now" and an emphasis on the hard work that still remains to be done in the pursuit of social justice.

The tribute-dinner for Father LaFarge and George Hunton will be held on June 4 at the Hotel Commodore in New York. Tickets are $50 and $25 per person. Those far from New York who are unable to be present at the dinner are asked by the Council to express their regard for Father LaFarge and George Hunton, and to help carry on the work they began three decades ago, through a gift which will be acknowledged in the dinner program.

We can think of few if any Catholics more richly deserving of honor and gratitude than Father LaFarge and George K. Hunton. We can think of no Catholic cause more deserving of support, and more urgently in need of it, than that of interracial justice.

(Checks should be made payable to Catholic Interracial Council; correspondence should be addressed to 20 Vesey Street, New York, 7, N.Y.)

Karl Barth in Chicago

"THEOLOGY," Karl Barth said, "is a special science"—"a *very* special science," he added slowly, gazing down from the high pulpit-lectern at the overflow crowd of 2,200 who had come from all over the Midwest and South and from as far away as Canada and the Pacific coast. They assembled Easter Monday in the University of Chicago's vast grey Gothic Rockefeller Chapel to hear this slightly stooped, white-haired man of 75 years—and the greatest modern Protestant theologian—talk on "An Introduction to Evangelical Theology."

Barth's trip to the U.S. marks his first Atlantic crossing. Unlike Paul Tillich, he has hitherto successfully evaded the New World's insistent invitations; and unlike Emil Brunner he travels little. The cultural importance of his visit can be gauged accurately from the fact that the New York *Times* not only covered his arrival in the U.S. but had a Chicago correspondent wire long reviews of each of the lectures. Moreover, Barth was given what seems increasingly to be the American equivalent of the *Légion d'Honneur* (crossed with an intellectual hazing): a *Time* cover story. Barth's decision to come to Chicago was due in large part to the fact that his son, the New Testament scholar Markus Barth, is on the University of Chicago's Divinity Faculty. A subsequent lecture series at Princeton testifies, perhaps, to Neo-Calvinist Barth's approval of the scholarly Presbyterian tradition cultivated there.

In the first of the lectures, Barth, speaking in a quite comprehensible but still triumphantly Teutonic English, defined Evangelical Theology not as any confessional dogmatics but as that theology which "intends to speak of the God of the Gospel." In fact, Barth said "wherever the God of the Gospel becomes the object of human science there we have Evangelical Theology." To no one's surprise he located this theology in the Prophets, the Apostles and the Reformers of the sixteenth century. However, he *did* surprise his audience somewhat by also detecting its presence in certain strains of Catholic and Eastern Orthodox thought.

In the subsequent four lectures Barth summed up in an impressive—and often delightfully witty—manner the great themes of his theological life's work: the essential independence of Evangelical Theology from all human philosophies; its duty to submit itself faithfully and obediently to the sovereign, free and living Word of God; Evangelical Theology's need to shun all "competition" with natural theologies, religious philosophies; Evangelical Theology's need to liberate itself from apologetics; Evangelical Theology's inferior status as a secondary and remote witness to the Word; its need to cultivate a realistic "modesty" in approaching the primary witnesses, the Prophets and the Apostles; finally, its status as a modest, free and "happy" science savingly subordinated to the Word, and functioning as a critical yet reverent *fides quaerens intellectum* within the community of believers.

One of the high points of the lectures came when Barth warned theologians against viewing themselves—in relation to the Prophets and Apostles—as "high school teachers looking over their shoulders to correct their notebooks and give them good or bad marks." Instead, Barth added serenely, "The Prophets and the Apostles

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hould look over theology's shoulder and correct *its* iotebooks." This barely veiled allusion to the work of renowned German New Testament scholar, Rudolf Bultmann, drew a gale of laughter.

Another high point came when Barth stopped speaking, brooded over the nave filled with faces and then umbled slowly, very slowly: "*Omnis cognitio Dei iascitur ab obedientia.*" Had anyone predicted forty ears ago that a world famous theologian would quote Calvin from a pulpit at the University of Chicago, he night have been removed to an asylum. Today, in the wake of Hiroshima, a citation from Calvin seems eminently sensible.

ON TWO successive evenings Barth sat empanelled with six young theologians who put questions to him and debated with him. Dr. Jaroslav Pelikan, who served as moderator, introduced these *juniores theologi* as Dr. Hans Frei of Yale, Dr. Schubert Ogden of Southern Methodist University, Father Bernard Cooke, S.J., of Marquette, Dr. Edward Carnell of Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, Calif., Rabbi Jacob Petakowski of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati and Mr. William Stringfellow, lawyer and lay theologian from New York City. Dr. Pelikan's introductions were adroit —especially when he discovered, on the first evening, that, by some mysterious irony, Dr. Ogden, one of the brightest American disciples of Rudolf Bultmann, was sitting at the far right end of the table while Father Cooke was to be found at the extreme left. "And what Father Cooke is doing *there*," Dr. Pelikan observed dryly, "is another question." The second evening, to everyone's amusement, Dr. Ogden and Father Cooke suavely exchanged places.

It was Father Cooke who, at one point, asked Barth if natural theology's knowledge "about" God and revealed theology's knowledge "of" God could not be combined in a single act of faith. Barth was dubious about their combination, but he commended Father Cooke for distinguishing between the "about" and the "of" and—to the audience's delight—he added "And I love you for that, Father!" Yet Barth's renowned rejection of natural theology came inevitably to the fore in this exchange. He told Father Cooke that the God of the Philosophers and the Father of Jesus Christ was not the same according to the Bible and that this was proved by the perennial tension between them. When Rabbi Petakowski challenged this and pointed to Paul's sermon on the Unknown God, Barth confessed himself amazed that a Rabbi could think this. He suggested that Rabbi Petakowski re-read the Bible. Barth restated his position that no passage in the Bible permitted a natural theology; a position which is too extreme even for Barth's Calvinist colleagues.

Dr. Carnell's principal question, natural for a conservative Protestant, concerned the objectivity and authority of Scripture. He wanted to know if Barth were to write the *Dogmatik* over again whether he would stress the objectivity of the Word and the Atonement more strongly. Barth replied that he thought he *had* stressed their objectivity to the very maximum. Dr. Carnell also wished to know how Barth reconciled his view of a Bible "sullied" with error—even religious error—with his view of the Bible as the norm for us. Barth amiably rejected the adjective "sullied" and replied that Holy Scripture is not only a Divine Word but a human document composed within historical and cultural limits. Yet it is our norm because it points beyond itself to the Word in Jesus Christ.

With Mr. Stringfellow the church's social obligations were canvassed. A very acute young man, he wanted Barth to comment on the situation of the churches and their prophetic duty in the face of a fat, affluent, complacently "Christian" society—he referred amusingly but acidly to the churches' prudent distance from the scandal of the Freedom Rides. While Barth was hesitant to criticize America, he did discuss the demonic powers in general—here and in Switzerland, too. For Barth they are the great idols: reason, sex, sport and the Unconscious, to name only a few which he cited. It is necessary, he said in a ringing voice, for the Christian to fight against them. The Christian in the world does not simply submit himself to its powers passively; instead, the Christian "takes his place in an order" and functions actively within it.

BARTH concluded the discussion by thanking us for coming to hear him and by hoping that we Americans would someday work out a "Theology of Freedom" in which that lady, the statue in New York harbor, would be truly "demythologized." He also very graciously informed America that it need have no cultural "inferiority complex" in relation to "old Europe." And then he sobered the applauding audience by reminding them that, on the other hand, America need have no "superiority complex" in relation to Asia and Africa.

Barth's final public lecture on "The Spirit" was a magnificent ode to the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of Life to the Church—and to theologians, too, if they will be docile to His promptings. Barth stood there in the pulpit, rather frail-looking in his black gown, the afternoon sunlight filtering into the severely Reformed nave of the Chapel and glinting occasionally on his spectacles. *Geneva rediviva.* One could almost sense the continuity of four centuries.

He then departed for Princeton and Europe, leaving behind him a most extraordinary impression. Dr. Pelikan spoke, I think, for all of us when he suggested that we had actually "met a Father of the Church."

CHARLES STINSON

(Mr. Stinson has written for The Commonweal and other periodicals on ecumenical matters.)

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An Outsider's View

I RECENTLY returned from a flying trip to Louisiana. While there I spoke twice under the auspices of the Newman Forum, once in Baton Rouge proper and once on the hospitable campus of Louisiana State University. This was my first visit to the state, and I certainly was not there long enough to qualify as anything of an expert. But I did get certain definite impressions which may be of some interest.

My strongest feeling had nothing to do with Topic A, the race question. What struck me most forcibly was something else—the fact that regional differences in this country grow less and less sharp every year, what with the movies, TV, jet flights and the like. This has its advantages, no doubt, but it has drawbacks too: much of Louisiana's traditional beauty is obscured by roadside motels and hamburger joints just as ugly as anything we have in the East or Middle West.

As far as the race question goes, my impression, which admittedly was a hasty one, is that Catholics in Louisiana are in a sense more calm about the situation than I, at least, would have expected. Certainly I met no one who took seriously the antics of the picketing Mrs. J. B. Gaillot, Jr., or who showed any inclination to follow the lead of the hard-boiled politician, Leander Perez, Sr.

It may be, of course, that I met the wrong—or the right—people. But I thought it significant that in the question period after my major talk there was not one question on the race problem, though I had taken pains to make my views on the matter quite clear. There were many questions on—and from, I suspect—the John Birchers, on Catholics and the UN, on the lay apostolate. But there was no opposition to my remarks on race, and I do not think this would have been true in most white Northern parishes.

Indeed, I would go further than this. Among the informed and concerned Catholics I met, there were many in whom I sensed almost a feeling of relief that the issue was now being faced fairly and squarely. We all know the race question is crucial, North and South. The Catholics whom I met in the South, lay and cleric, seemed more ready to face the challenge of the future in this matter than many people I run into in the North.

I have to keep reminding myself that I met a small and probably special group of people. But I encountered little or no inclination to defy the ruling of the Archbishop of New Orleans. I could be wrong, but I suspect that if Mrs. Gaillot were to try to rally the Catholics of Louisiana against Archbishop Rummel or Archbishop Cody, she would find herself leading a very small band.

On the positive side, I was also greatly impressed with the work of the Catholic Center at the University. Able chaplains and dedicated lay support have made it a Catholic center in fact as well as in word. I felt that the kind of leadership being developed there was the best possible answer to people like Mrs. Gaillot and Leander Perez, who can still provoke trouble but who are nonetheless voices out of the past. And I came away from Louisiana State University more convinced than ever that here, in the Newman Clubs on secular campuses, is a potentially most fruitful field of work to which we are not giving enough money, attention and manpower.

The real test in this matter of the Church and the race question still lies ahead, of course. Political boss Leander Perez has advised Catholics to pressure the Bishops and priests, to "cut off their water," to "quit giving them money to feed their fat bellies." How much chance of success does Perez have? I wasn't in Louisiana long enough to dig up the facts on this, but since I have returned I have seen a series on the situation in the N.Y. *Herald Tribune,* written by Robert S. Bird. The information he has come up with seems to answer the question as well as it can be answered at this point.

First, on the money question. Since Archbishop Rummel's order on integration, the special collection for the Bishops' Relief Fund has been taken up. If Catholics wanted to "cut off their water," to use Perez' phrase, it should have shown up here. But in fact returns which are still incomplete show contributions already almost equal to last year's complete total. Indeed, in parishes where it is clear that Negroes will be attending previously all-white classes, collections are reported to be running ahead of last year's total. So much for Leander Perez.

What about school attendance? Louisiana has never before required advance registrations; this year, however, the procedure was followed. In a six-day period, incomplete figures again show a total almost identical with last year's enrollment. And on the high school level there was a sharp increase in registration. So much for Mrs. Gaillot, who withdrew her son from parochial school because of the Catholic teaching on the race question.

Race is an explosive issue, and there is always the possibility of more trouble. My own short visit certainly does not make me an expert. But on the basis of the people I met, I would say it will take more than Leander Perez and Mrs. Gaillot to destroy the loyalty of Louisiana Catholics to the Church and their Bishops.

JAMES O'GARA

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The Layman: Victim of Reaction?

ROBERT W. HOVDA

AS CATHOLICS throughout the world expectantly await the opening of the Second Vatican Council, it has already become apparent that the preparation for the Council has, in itself, been a source of hope and vitality for the Church. For the layman, these preparations have been of special significance: they have been the source of considerable soul-searching on the part of laity and clergy alike concerning the role of the laity in the Church. Moreover, in many nations and in numerous dioceses, the laity have been invited to make known to the hierarchy their hopes, criticisms and aspirations.

The most specific call to the laity was, perhaps, that of Francis Cardinal Koenig of Vienna, a member of the Central Preparatory Commission for the Council. Speaking at a meeting of Austrian Catholic newsmen, Cardinal Koenig said: "Do not wait for the Bishop or for a report from Rome, if you have something to say about the Council. Sound a warning whenever you feel that you ought to. Urge, when you feel urging is necessary . . . Report everything that the people and the Catholics expect concerning the Council."

With the coming Council in mind, The Commonweal begins in this issue a special series devoted to the layman's hopes and desires in the contemporary Church. To begin the series, however, we have asked Father Robert Hovda of the Department of Religion at the Catholic University of America to comment, from the viewpoint of a theologian, on the theological problem of the layman's role in the Church. In the weeks to come, a number of laymen will, in turn, address themselves to the question of the laity. It is our hope that their frank and open discussion will, in some measure, be a contribution to the work of those Bishops and theologians who will participate in the coming Ecumenical Council. —THE EDITORS

REACTION is potentially as dangerous a phenomenon as it is natural in every human society, in all movements of human thought and action. Opposition to mistakes or errors, in a philosophy, in a political theory, in an economic program, often finds it difficult to avoid caricaturing its genuine insights and its truth. Reaction constantly threatens to distort truth by losing the balance required for its accurate formulation.

It is impossible to talk about present healthy developments in the theology of the Church, and particularly in the theology of the layman in the Church, without first recognizing that we are emerging from a period of intense and unbalanced theological reaction. We are emerging from a period in which, though the laypeople's part, office, functions, or ministry in the Church was never denied in principle, it was rarely affirmed. The Church's doctrine, however, has never forgotten that, while her worship is hierarchically ordered for the sake of unity, it is the worship of the whole community in which the "amen" is as essential as the collect.

The Church's doctrine has never forgotten that, while she is structured by the apostolic college of Jesus' institution, she is also the community of the Spirit. The Church's doctrine has never forgotten that while hierarchical authority rules, it does not rule in a vacuum, without consulting with and listening to the voices of the laypeople, whose sacramental initiation and Christian life render ridiculous the notion of a merely passive laity. The Church's doctrine has never forgotten that, while the hierarchy judges, this very fact demands initiatives from the community, and that sometimes it is the younger member who speaks with greater wisdom.

What movement in the Church would have succeeded, what contemplative or charitable work would have been founded, without this freedom (and responsibility) to create and invent, to suggest, to be heard and to be tested? The saints are a constant witness in the Church's life to these initiatives, to this breathing of the Spirit.

TRADITION in the Church is a reality and force with unhappy as well as happy aspects. So many "traditions," purely human customs, habits, attitudes, hide under the cloak of the Gospel truth, of the Good News, which Tradition is bound to bring to men. It is so easy to fail to make the necessary distinctions and to inherit, in-

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stead of the freedom offered by God's Word, a kind of slavery to our Christian ancestors. But one of the happy aspects of Tradition's power is the fact that it conserves through periods of ignorance or indifference truths upon which later generations can build, when the ignorance and the indifference have passed.

Thanks to Scripture scholarship, theological exploration, patristic studies, liturgical science, archeology, and church history, we are rediscovering some of these riches of Tradition. Most of us are aware of a transformation, unfortunately just beginning in many places, affecting Catholic public worship, particularly the celebration of the Mass. From inert, if dutiful, worshipers at a rite insufficiently intelligible to them and from which their active participation is almost inevitably excluded, the laity are in some places again becoming listening, praying, singing, sacrificing, communing participants in a living, popular worship which sacrifices nothing of the Church's liturgical wisdom and tradition.

They are also in many places being recalled to their proper ministry and witness in the temporal order, as well as in the Church's missionary evangelization. Who could fail to note the effect on the laity of America of the birth and growth of hundreds of forms, structures, organizations of the lay apostolate, of "Catholic Action," of lay missionary activity? In the liturgical revival and in the lay apostolate we have obvious and convincing evidence of the laity's reintegration in the amazingly clericalized Church of modern times.

But there are other areas where our progress is less obvious. The term "church government" is inadequate because, though the Church is a visible society, a people, it is much more. And no treatment of its life and governance which examines it only as a religious counterpart to political society can be anything but misleading.

THE CHURCH is generically different, vastly different, from any human society or institution, including the state. Hence, as Father John Courtney Murray has pointed out, the folly of attempting to argue from the government of the state to the government of the Church, or vice versa. One is human and natural, founded on the social nature of man, formed by the work of human reason, guided by human political wisdom, concerning itself with public order and the external acts of men. The other is divine and supernatural, constituted by the Savior, receiving its basic structure as a gift, with the internal bond of union in the Spirit.

So the Catholic finds no difficulty in the fact that the Church is not a democracy in the political sense. She is Christ's Mystical Body and her transcendent claims make this arrangement indeed impossible. But if she is not a democracy in the political sense, neither is she an autocracy in the political sense, nor a monarchy in the political sense. These categories have no meaning for her. She belongs to another order.

Yet in this "space-between," in this period of th Church in the world, it is not only a worshiping commu nity, not only a community whose task and privileg it is to bear witness to a Word from God. Because is visible, made up of men, it is also a community wit government. The bishops of the apostolic college, gath ered around the Roman primacy, are rulers as well a priests and teachers.

If the layman is more than simply one of the "gov erned," in the political sense, if he has more than merely passive role to play in this area of the Church life, it must appear in his relation to the bishop. Doe he have any voice in choosing men for the hierarchica ministry? And what power has his voice with the bisho once elected?

The early practice of the Church reveals a definit participation of the laity in the election of bishops This participation has taken different forms: sometime the approval (unanimity was apparently sought as a sign of the Spirit's presence) of the nominee of th apostolic college; sometimes the election of several can didates from whom the apostolic college would choos one; sometimes the choice of one of several presente by the apostolic college.

Gradually, however, the voice of the faithful in elec tions was practically reduced to the voice of kings an princes. Because of this "representative" system an because ecclesiastical offices were at times plums o temporal power and fortune, medieval times saw a practical abandonment of lay consultation in these mat ters. But the principle remains.

What about the layman's relationship to the bisho once elected? And to the pastor once appointed? How does or should the layman figure in the daily decision of the Church on many levels and in its legislation? Such decisions concern a multitude of problems, rang ing from building programs and methods and mea sures in the apostolate to questions of church positions on matters of public policy which touch faith and morals. The bishop always functions as the bishop of a Christian community. And the relationship between bishop and the rest of the community is in the Church not only a political relationship. If it were, we could follow the same rules, base our thinking on the same principles, and achieve the same evolution as we have in political life. But the relationship of bishop and peo ple is an organic thing. The Spirit is given to the whole Church. Infallibility belongs to the whole Church. So the bishop exercises his power of ruling and teaching and presiding at public worship in close touch with the whole Church, with the feelings, thoughts, desires of the faithful.

The Church is not only a priestly and institutional reality, she is a prophetical one as well. There is, perhaps there should be, a tension between its priestly and its prophetical missions. In the visible organs of its

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agisterium, it has the means from Christ of presiding ver and directing the members of the Mystical Body. nd to the same Church has been given the Spirit Who reathes where He wills. It is death to Christianity hen one consents to choose between these elements. oth must be affirmed.

We don't have to consider here what we regard as ie Protestant problem. The Reformers made a choice. hey chose a prophetical principle divorced from the riestly. The Catholic Church has never made such a hoice. She has always affirmed the simultaneous necesty of priesthood and prophecy, of institution and pirit, of organization and organism.

But if the Catholic Church has not made the choice f the Protestant Reformers, if she has not allowed herelf to be forced into that kind of either-or dilemma, ve should be less than honest if we did not admit that 'rotestant and pre-Protestant emphasis on the prophetic as received so reactionary a response from us that we ave tended in practice to reduce the Church to the riestly and the institutional. In practice, not in doctine, I would emphasize. But practice teaches, too, ometimes more powerfully.

Hence freedom of thought and speech and criticism, ublic opinion, the responsibility of laity and clergy to xpress their ideas—outside the Church these are almost universally thought to be alien to Catholicism. nd within the Church, among most of us, one notices marked hesitancy to be open, to be forthright, to be ritical. As a result of this, a caricature of the Church s almost everywhere today accepted as its authentic ortrait. It sees the Church as a mother whose smothering embrace crushes breath and life out of her children, educing them to a kind of dazed and inert half-human existence.

This reluctance to speak our minds on issues, this rrational kind of "obedience," this assumption that a constructive contribution is an act of disloyalty—this is treason to the Church, to our sacramental initiation, to our bishops and Pope who deserve this contribution, and to the Holy Spirit. It is possible we might make mistakes. This is the risk of life. And judgment is the task of that hierarchical structure which, with the Eucharist it celebrates, is our bond of union. Mistakes are bad only if we are not faithful enough to accept judgment. But there have to be developments, there has to be thinking, there has to be an expression of views, if there is to be anything to judge.

IN HIS ESSAY, "Free Speech in the Church," Father Karl Rahner has strongly affirmed the necessity of an articulate public opinion for the life and health of the Church. Pope Pius XII did the same in his 1950 speech to the International Congress of the Catholic Press, an appeal echoed in the synodal statutes of the Archdiocese of Cologne in 1954. As Father Rahner points out, if the Church is to communicate the good news, the hierarchy in its official teaching capacity must know not only the Message but also the state of the listener, the times in which he lives, his concerns, his mentality, his problems and interests.

Such contributions of public opinion, such criticisms, are acts of love, of a love which penetrates deeply into the meaning of the Church. A true love, based on true knowledge—not the pseudo-love which has to pretend conformity because it is mixed with a kind of servile fear of the hierarchy, or because our own comfort reacts against the prospect of change, or because we really believe that supernatural faith is a gift which relieves us of the necessity of thought. Father Guardini's classic statement is relevant: "Imperfection belongs to the very essence of the Church on earth. This presupposes that we have the courage to endure a permanent state of dissatisfaction."

Somehow we Catholics must reaffirm the prophetic mission (and the priestly) of all members of the Church in practice as we have always maintained it in doctrine. Somehow we must balance the excessive attention we have given to its hierarchical structure (under pressure of controversy) with some advertence to the Church as the community of the faithful. This is difficult to do, because we not only have to train the Church's members to what is for all practical purposes a new concept of responsibility and obedience, but we also have to provide some kind of structures for consultation and for the expression of public opinion. Some bishops have experimented with such structures. Some are meeting with lay advisory councils composed of representatives of the parishes in their diocese. Some have called meetings of layman to make suggestions relative to the forthcoming Ecumenical Council. Many have at least some means of occasional contact with already established diocesan lay organizations. There will have to be a good deal of experimentation, no doubt, before any particular system of representation gains widespread acceptance.

Parishes, too, can certainly experiment with various forms of lay councils to meet with the pastor at regular intervals. It is also within the realm of possibility that

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the Vatican may internationalize itself and avail itself and its congregations of lay opinion through appropriate offices and contacts with lay organizations.

Not that we have no instrumentalities within the Church at present for this intramural dialogue and for these initiatives. We always have, of course, the possibility of personal contact with our pastors and our bishop. We have a Catholic press which is willing, at least in many areas, to voice the opinions of the faithful. There is still great scope for personal initiatives of many kinds within the present structure of parish and diocesan life. We could not have produced great lay figures and great lay periodicals if this were not true.

But the fact that the prophetic voice exists in the same house with the priestly is not enough. There must be some cross-fertilization. There must be some recognition of each by the other. And, in any case, the examples we can think of are rare flowers. The common, garden varieties are mostly under bushels. And they need new structures, as well as a bit of warmth, to tempt them out. It might be added also that our present lay organizations in the Church quite generally feel a need for more autonomy, more trust and confidence, more freedom, if their function is to be really profitable to Catholic life.

IN THE COURSE of these remarks I have discussed chiefly the layman's contribution of thought, of his temporal competence and experience, of whatever inspirations the Spirit may grant him, in areas of the Church's life which might be described as peripheral. But I did not mean to imply that such contributions are to be restricted to problems of policy, of missionary technique, of an understanding of the times to which the Church addresses herself. I mentioned briefly the liturgical revival, certainly central in the life of the Mystical Body, and the general apostolate of Christian witness.

The recent republication of Cardinal Newman's essay, "On Consulting the Faithful in Matters of Doctrine," reminds us of the layman's part in the development of doctrine, in the Church's growth in its understanding of God's Word. Newman shows the relationship between the magisterium and the faithful in this doctrinal area. Not in terms of an active and a passive element, but a much more complicated relationship—as between a husband and wife in marriage.

What the layman actually believes, particularly when there is a recognizable consensus of faith in the Christian community, is of concern to the whole Church. Newman calls such a consensus: "a testimony of apostolic dogma; a sort of instinct deep in the bosom of the Mystical Body; a direction of the Holy Spirit; an answer to the prayer of the Church; a jealousy of error, which it at once feels as a scandal."

It is obvious that this involves heavy responsibilities which many a layman is not eager to assume. He can make this contribution only if he is living the life of the Church at its deepest level of sacramental life prayer and witness . . . and only if he is fully *lay*. That is, only if he is fully committed as a man or woman and as a Christian to the temporal order, to the secular achievements of his age, to its thought, its culture, its significant movements.

These paragraphs just skim the surface. Much more must be said and discussed and meditated about these problems. One does not say these things to become popular with the laity. And one does not say them as a nihilist or even as a griper. One says them because, when they are forgotten, the Church suffers, not an essential change, but a distortion, a weakening of her native powers, a diminishment of her catholicity, an obscuring of her relevance. Yet she cannot afford to suffer distortion, disease and diminishment in these days when the world is finally prepared to appreciate that idea of the catholic unity of mankind which the Church has carried in her heart as a kind of unrequited love all these centuries.

Beneath Shadows

As evening crouched on the willow spray
and pebbles laved in Cedron's spurtling
flow, fragrant cargoes lingered on the
april wind in a lonely hollow.
Checkered minutes of the cenacle
now dappled and fretted the mind of
the betrayer, slinking under young,
dusky senna boughs. Boggling of feet
on the flinty pass, clinked the barter
in the bag, heavier grown with the
haggling regret—trade of deity
for dimes. No gloating his, over the
handshake on a devil's deal; now a
nostalgic image whiteburnt upon
the brain—eager manhood awaiting
at a chancel board the chrismal bun—
screened his sight. There was a sudden bleat
in the near ravine like something trapped
in naked desolation, just when
thirty millstones tinkled down a toss
into the brook. The evanescent
scintillation of the jettison
distracted him a thorny moment.
While olive clusters keened, the Cedron
reflected fumbling fingers, beneath
shadows of the maundy moon, groping
for a rotten branch overhanging
the gully, to fasten hempen strands;
mirrored too, a tangled lamb bleeding.

SISTER MARY HONORA, O.S.F.

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Cold Peace and Cool War

ANN MORRISSETT

WHEN I told Israelis, in whose country I just spent a winter, that I passed the previous one in Sweden, their immediate comment was that I could hardly have selected two more unlike countries. They seemed incredulous when I said that the two nations are, in fact, surprisingly alike, even to the first question I was usually asked in both countries, "Why did you come *here*?"—as if deliberately coming to such out-of-the-way places as Sweden or Israel were a pretty bizarre thing to do.

Even climate, the most overtly different aspect of the two countries, has a similar effect in one respect: people spend the winters seeking warmth. In Israel, where the sun is hot enough to be tanned by even in January, most houses are unheated and exude a cold, dank, dampness from their stone or concrete walls and tiled floors which caused me, at least, to wear my heavy Swedish sweater almost the whole winter—often to bed too. The little "Fireside" kerosene stove in the corner of every room is to the Israeli home what the built-in tiled corner stove has until recently been to every old Swedish home. In Israel there is no problem in the sun—but once in the shade, or after the sun goes down, you can sometimes feel chillier than in the midst of a Swedish winter whose cold, dark daytime serves to prepare and inure you. The rains which suddenly darken the sky and flood the Israel countryside are a winter phenomenon and conversation-piece equivalent to Sweden's glowering mid-winter skies, though the changeability of Israel's winter makes for a less somber mood generally and for a continued open and outdoor existence which is not possible in the closed-up hibernatory season of Sweden.

Quite apart from climate, even the political conditions—which may superficially appear unlike—have in fact many similarities. Although Sweden is relatively a very old independent state and Israel is one of the youngest, both are engaged in an intensive reconstruction of their economies under Social Democratic governments from relatively poor conditions. Sweden has been at it longer and is obviously more prosperous, yet it should be remembered that only a half-century ago Swedes were emigrating en masse to escape the impoverished conditions of their country. Around the same time, the first waves of Jewish immigrants were going to Palestine, and the Russian settlers who now form the "elite" of Israel were starting *kibbutzim* in arid wastelands.

Today in both countries one sees modern housing units rising out of plains, extending urban-like developments far into the countryside. Construction goes on at a rapid pace, and the match-box results—for better or worse—are housing many more people more adequately. In Israel's case a good number of these are new immigrants, while Sweden's relatively stable population is simply making itself more urbanized and more comfortable. The fact is, however, that Israel is also having an urban trend (which it is not ready for), and much of the propaganda directed especially at new immigrants extols the virtues of living on the land. A standard primer used in teaching Hebrew to newcomers contains several conversations in which the transient café life of the cities (Tel Aviv being the most enticing offender) is deprecated in favor of the healthy, secure community life of the *kibbutz* or the *moshav*. The teen-age daughter of my Tel Aviv landlady, active in the Social Democratic (Mapai) youth organization, lectured me one evening on the wastefulness of youth who stand around the streetcorners or sit in cafés rather than going to work on the land.

The *kibbutzim* are not expanding at a rate at all proportionate to the population growth, however, and even the *moshav* system, in which farming families are separate entities but market cooperatively, needs selling to the new immigrants. Many of them come from Eastern Europe where they have had enough of "regimentation" and in any case are accustomed to city life; many more come from feudalistic or semi-nomadic Middle Eastern and North African areas where such social organization is unknown. Most of the newer settlers are not Davy Ben-Crockett types, as for example many young U.S. and Canadian settlers have been, eager to go off and develop Israel's "Far West" wilderness, the Negev. (Sweden also has a vast underdeveloped area, Lappland, to which it must entice frontier-types: an unusual phenomenon for two such relatively small countries.)

IN REGARD to populations, Sweden and Israel may appear poles apart, yet on a small scale integrated Sweden also has its immigration and minority problems. A number of Italians and other Europeans have been coming since the war to seek work in the haven they imagine Sweden to be, and have been disillusioned—

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not only by Swedish women (the real reason the Italian men come, several Swedes assured me), but also by the apparent lack of warmth and general fullness of living. Israel too has been presented as a haven to many of its immigrants who find it, in fact, a nation with problems and factions like any other.

But even the variegated population of Israel has one feature which makes it resemble the more homogeneous Swedes: a common cultural-religious background. Sweden has its state Lutheranism, and though the average Swede may be no more religious than the average Israeli, there is nevertheless the feeling of this common heritage. (It might be argued too that insofar as Protestantism was a somewhat Judaistic reaction to Catholicism, a return to a more direct relationship with the God and the Bible of the Old Testament, there is an even further similarity in the two state religions.) Although Jews arrive in Israel speaking Russian, Polish, Hungarian, French, Spanish, Rumanian, Yemenite, etc., they have in common the Bible and the language of the Bible, Hebrew. It is in this holy language they have sung and prayed for centuries, and which they now all learn as a living language.

Both Israelis and Swedes are very much aware that their language is an insular one spoken only by their tiny populations and that the need for knowledge of at least one other language is acute. In Israel it is a toss-up whether the *lingua franca* is English or Yiddish; in Sweden it has been between English and German. (The second language on signs in both countries these days is almost invariably English.) The difference is that in Sweden the additional languages are necessary not so much for communicating with each other as for coping with the outside world and its constant intrusions in the form of tourists, movies, radio, records. In Israel a knowledge of several languages is also often necessary just for communicating with one's own countrymen, though a little Hebrew is usually known even by the unlinguistically-inclined American Jews who settle in Israel. In any case it is taught as rapidly as possible not only in the schools to the children, who grow up speaking Hebrew as a native language and often teach it to their parents, but also in the *ulpanim* where new immigrants learn a good working knowledge of Hebrew within a few months of intensive study—with the Bible as one of their textbooks.

In Sweden, however, immigrants from Europe or the other Scandinavian countries come not to be integrated but to make money and return home. A similar process occurs in regard to many Americans who come to Israel for temporary investments of their money or skills (for which they may receive little immediate compensation), but of course the motivations are usually quite different. And while Sweden seeks skilled workers, Israel has had the problem of having too many professional people in this developing period when its needs have been considered to be on the land.

THE ONE native minority problem which remains unsolved in both countries and creates a certain sense of guilt is, in Sweden, the Lappish people and in Israel, of course, the Arabs. In both cases it is a question of integrating a "backward" and culturally dissimilar people into a progressive state, but there the similarity ends. Whereas the quaint customs of the peripheral Lapps are looked on rather fondly if somewhat condescendingly by the bourgeois Swede, the Israeli has the additional sense of enmity latent in the Arab minority whose brothers outside the borders overtly declare their objective to destroy the State of Israel.

It is herein that the most pressing political difference lies: Israel is involved in a "cool war" and surrounded by hostile states, while Sweden is on relatively easy terms with all its neighbors and has not had a war in one hundred and fifty years. One might think this would have enabled Sweden to give up, finally, its reliance on armaments and military conscription, but the Swedes cling to these institutions, outmoded in terms of global warfare, remaining as convinced as any Israeli that it is in these that their security lies. Sweden's long cold peace has not always been a notably positive one, for while it was a haven for refugees in the last war, it was also a passage for the Nazis, and while it has not been militarily allied with either East or West and has therefore been useful as a source of "neutral" U.N. personnel, it is historically fearful of Russia, and its military budget is still a substantial drain on its economy.

Israel's almost total reliance on arms is more immediately understandable, if not ameliorative, *vis-à-vis* its overtly hostile neighbors, yet it is especially here that the waste and drain on the struggling economy is tragic. In both Sweden and Israel the conscription system is a somewhat equalizing and democratizing element which also serves the purpose of educating the majority of youth who would otherwise have no further training (the state's money going into this rather than into higher education); but in Israel the specific Arab enemy gives army youth a unified spirit which is both laudable and deplorable.

Eighteen-year-old conscripted sabras (native Israelis) I have talked with have told me how dirty the Arabs are, how primitive, stupid, crafty, untrustworthy, etc. Some of this attitude also carries over towards the Jews from the Oriental and North African countries, though in regard to them there tends to be a more tolerant attitude of "teaching our ways" to Jewish brothers who have been lost in backward Diaspora. (When one sees the sturdy old stone ruins of Arab structures contrasted with many of the cracking, hastily-

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built modern structures of the new cities, and the Arab dress protecting head and body from sun and sand-filled wind, as contrasted with Western dress, one might sometimes wonder about some of the superior ways being super-imposed.) Arabs do not, of course, go into the army, and in border villages where most of them live, they are under military government.

IN BOTH Sweden and Israel the general feeling is (as in most countries) that "it is because we are strong that we are free," the logic of which might lead one to conclude that some of the smallest countries in the world are therefore our greatest military powers. Yet there is also a more realistic assessment of where security lies, and an appreciation of the importance of trade and economic interdependence which leads to a certain eagerness to do business with whomever they can. Though the sympathies of both tend to the West (or the American power bloc), their intermediary geographical and political positions lead to a non-committed frame of mind which has both positive and negative sides.

In positive terms, each nation can experiment with social and economic systems which combine elements of capitalism and socialism in a welfare state whose citizens are maximally cared for and minimally regimented. As Sweden has been called "the Middle Way," so it might be said of Israel that it is "the Middle Way" of the Middle East. Both states have strong cooperative movements and strong central labor organizations (affiliated with the Communist-excluding international Confederation of Free Trade Unions), both allow for a range of political parties from right to left which do not achieve the virulence of fascist or Communist parties in more unstable or repressive atmospheres. In negative terms, complaints about bureaucracy and high taxes are rampant in both Sweden and Israel, and at the same time there is a certain smugness and detached "plague-on-both-your-houses" attitude which has as *its* other side a craving for travel and escape from these small, semi-isolated worlds. The Swedes can indulge this more easily than the Israelis, who must pay high travel taxes to go even to Cyprus, the nearest non-Arab state.

Perhaps the greatest contrast between Israel's two and a half million people and Sweden's seven and a half million is the degree of personal inhibition in each. The polite and reserved Swedes tend to let loose when they are away from home, while Israelis do it at home. The respective climates and historical developments have much to do with this, no doubt. But there were many moments during Sweden's dark, cold, peaceful winter when I might almost have wished a border raid or at least an unruly bus queue on them; and there have been moments in Israel's erratic winter when I might have found a bit of Swedish *sang-froid* useful. Indeed, in Israel there were even moments when I wondered if the sacrifice of a few closely-guarded *dunim* of the Promised Land might not be a reasonable gesture the newly-nationalistic Israelis could attempt toward Arab resettlement and face-saving, similar to the compromises their longer-established, now cooler-headed Scandinavian counterparts eventually had to reach among their own brothers.

The Moslems' Angel of Death

(Algeria 1961)

Like a jeweled peacock he stirs all over
With fireflies. He takes his pleasure in
Lights

He is a great honeycomb of shining bees
Knowing every dust with sugar in it.
He has a million fueled eyes.

With all his eyes he explores life.

The firefly city stirs all over with knowledge.
His high buildings see too many
Persons: he has found out
Their times and when their windows
Will go out.

He turns the city lights in his fingers like money.

No other angel knows this one's place,
No other sees his phoenix wings, or understands
That he is lord of Death.

(Death was once allowed
To yell at the sky:
"I am death!
I take friend from friend!
I am death!
I leave your room empty!")

O night, O High Towers! No man can ever
Escape you, O night!

He is a miser. His fingers find the money.
He puts the golden lights in his pocket.

There is one red coal left burning
Beneath the ashes of the great vision.
There is one blood-red eye left open
When the city is burnt out.

Azrael! Azrael!
See the end of trouble!

THOMAS MERTON

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"Handwriting on the Blackboard"

Garden City, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: The recent article by Thomas R. Brooks, "Handwriting on the Blackboard" [May 4], in my opinion contributed very little either to the cause of responsible unionism or to the cause of the teachers of the United States. As President of the Nassau County Classroom Teachers Association, an independent group of classroom teachers with a record of forward-looking action on behalf of the profession, I must express my disappointment over the inaccuracies and specious reasoning in Mr. Brooks' article. Let me explain.

The author assumes that opposition to the unionization of teaching can be attributed to administrative pressures and to a sort of timid conservatism on the part of teachers. The issue, however, is not that simple. Those of us in non-union professional organizations share most of the short-term goals of the American Federation of Teachers and its New York City affiliate, the United Federation of Teachers. On matters of salary, working conditions, pension rights, fringe benefits, etc., it would probably be impossible to distinguish between us. The basic difference is in the long-term direction which teaching is to take: the direction of the well-paid white collar craft—the union teachers' avowed goal, or the direction of an independent, autonomous professional body exercising as much control over the selection, formation and in-service ethical conduct of its members as do the medical and legal professions. The two are not compatible. The "professional autonomy" goal will clearly take a long time, but it need not be at the expense of economic gains now. In fact, it may hasten them.

In discussing the organizational problems of the union on Long Island, Mr. Brooks states that, according to A.F.T. estimates, it could "sign up thirty per cent of all the teachers on the island without trouble were it not for supervisory pressure." This statement assumes that it is only these frightening bogeymen—the supervisors—who resist the claims of the union. I maintain that it is teachers like those in our organization, who want economic gains and true professional status—and who are working hard to get both—but who want to retain their independence and control over their own destinies, who represent the most serious obstacle to the A.F.T.'s goals. And, incidentally, we have in the past opposed and will continue to oppose any pressure by supervisory personnel to coerce membership in any professional organization, including our own.

At best, despite Mr. Brooks' starry-eyed evaluation of the effects of the recent New York City teachers' strike, that event must leave no one completely happy. It was not a smashing victory for anything or anyone: it was not an unmitigated gain for the U.F.T., for the principle of responsible collective bargaining by public employees, for the Mayor, for the Governor, for the Board of Education, for the teachers as a whole, and least of all perhaps, for the children of the city schools. The confusion, the wrangling, the intra-union power struggle, the tiny margin of the strike vote, the emotionalism, the lack of over-all community and labor support for the U.F.T. action, add up to a lot less than the "greatest day in the history of education in the City of New York," as Charles Cogen, the U.F.T. President, termed it.

On the credit side, of course, the strike did, as Mr. Brooks points out, show that "the timid teacher is a myth of the past; that teachers when provoked can be as militant as the next union fellow." It did prove that something is basically wrong with the state of education in New York City. It dramatized the plight of New York teachers, and pointed up the political aridity of both the City and the State administrations. But now there must be a follow-up. There will have to be long-range planning, patient re-education of the community, the State Legislature, the Board of Estimate of New York City. There will have to be the painfully-slow harnessing of all the latent power of 45,000 highly-trained professional teachers behind the drive for real gains. I can only hope that U.F.T. is equal to the task.

There are two crucial factors in the long struggle to make teaching the well-paid and highly respected profession it should and must be, both of which are perennially overlooked by the A.F.T. in this state, and which were noticeably overlooked by the U.F.T last month as well as in Mr. Brooks' article. One is the fact that massive community support is essential to any real progress in salaries or professional standing for teachers, and this support must be carefully, painstakingly, created; a "damn the public" attitude, even implicit, is out of the question. The second is that there must be a legal framework upon which to build gains for the teaching profession—in other words, no real progress will be made without some fundamental changes in the law governing the educational structure in this or any other State, e.g., fiscal independence for Boards of Education, professional boards of teachers to advise on standards for the selection and training of teachers, Ethical Practices commissions of teachers to "police their own ranks," etc. The Nassau County Classroom Teachers Association, along with the New York State

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Teachers Association, is working constantly in this area, and progress, while slow, does come. This year, for instance, a law was passed by the New York State Legislature requiring governmental agencies, including school boards, outside New York City to maintain grievance machinery for their employees (New York City already has this under an Executive Order by the Mayor). Now we are pressing forward to get mandatory collective bargaining and greater professional autonomy through legislative action in Albany.

In short, the A.F.T. has no monopoly on militancy, vigor, progressivism, vision, etc. We will match our record in these areas with the most avid A.F.T. local in the country. (Last summer, for example, N.C.C.T.A. delegates spearheaded a drive at the Atlantic City convention of the National Education Association which put that 800,000 member body on record for strong support of the 1954 Supreme Court decision on desegregation of the public schools, over the outcries of Southern delegates.) But we do not believe that the ultimate goals of teaching in this country should be set by the labor movement. On the contrary, while we respect the union movement itself and wish it well for others, we are convinced that, as teachers, we can and must set our own goals and pursue them in our own way, through independent professional organizations.

ALBERT J. LAMOTHE, JR.

The Author Replies

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Of course, the recent New York City teachers' strike leaves no one happy; least of all, such "professional" organizations as the National Education Association. The strike did create a renewed interest in teacher unionism that must give such organizations pause. Indeed, the growth of concern over such bargaining issues as salary, working conditions, fringe benefits, etc., on the part of the N.E.A. is proof enough that the trend is running with unionism, not "professionalism."

But my difference with Mr. LaMothe runs deeper than any differences of interpretation of the strike and its aftermath. Mr. LaMothe spurns the labor movement, reading into a question of affiliation the setting of teachers' goals by outsiders. He, apparently, sees the American Medical Association and the Bar Association as proper models for teachers' organization. Admittedly, the ethics of labor leaves much to be desired but compare them with those of the A.M.A. and one wonders if Mr. LaMothe has really given thought to the problems of setting teacher standards. Can the N.E.A., which embraces both administration types and teachers do the job? Just what is "true professional status"? A Mercedes Benz and the kind of payment system that cannot be easily checked by the Internal Revenue Bureau?

The time has long since past when teachers can pant after the professionalism of the medical or legal profession. Teachers are paid salaries, not fees; they have no clients. Doctors and lawyers are privileged classes, wielding great power both within and without their professions. The teachers are not, nor should they hope to be.

What is wanted is not respectability but dignity. Given the situation the teacher now finds her/himself in, there isn't much else that can be done, except to take on the painful task of building a union. Teachers can no longer, if they ever could, depend on "massive community support" for anything, least of all salaries *or* professional standing. The strike, if nothing else, gained the teachers the attention of the class. Now is the time for the lesson to begin.

THOMAS R. BROOKS

"Why Juan Can't Read"

Bronx, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I have just finished reading Robert Arnold's "Why Juan Can't Read" [Apr. 27] and I have come away with mixed feelings concerning the article.

First, I am very pleased that someone has finally described the almost hopeless plight of the countless Juans and Clydes who lie buried and unmourned in a school system which couldn't seem to care less about them because it's too busy caring for its own self-aggrandizement through self-appointed committees and self-published reports and publicity. Mr. Arnold really strikes home when he states that it is construction, not children, which is considered when change is made.

I would, however, disagree with Mr. Arnold on two points which he describes as being at the roots of Juan's academic retardation in reading. His first complaint, that Juan's teacher is most likely to come from the middle classes and is therefore incapable of understanding the slum child well enough to teach him reading, is futile because he offers no possible solution. Where are Juan's teachers to come from? Even if the teachers do have roots, far removed in time, in the slums (as many, in fact, do), by the time they have finished their college educations and are accepting teachers' wages they are far removed from the sort of life which Juan experiences.

Mr. Arnold complains that Ted, Sally, Dick, Jane and Billy, the children of Juan's readers, in their middle-class lives bear very little relationship to the daily reali-

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ties of Juan's slum life and are myths to which Juan and Clyde cannot relate successfully. Does he suggest that textbooks which faithfully mirror Juan's life be used? Does he suggest that values which are not specifically applicable to the slum world be abandoned? Will Juan read better if we make the slum reality a twenty-four-hour-a-day affair even in the schools? I certainly do not think so. The blame for Juan's failure lies not in the books Juan uses nor in the fact that his teacher is a young girl from the middle classes. We cannot even place the blame for this sin against Juan at the feet of the "educationists," Conant & Co. No, Mr. Arnold, the blame is ours, yours and mine. It belongs to all of us.

As long as families are herded together in pigsties called apartments; as long as parents are separated from their children all day working in sweatshops; as long as human beings are robbed of dignity and a sense of worth, we will always have Juan and his brothers in our schools.

PATRICK J. O'GRADY

The Author Replies

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I read Mr. O'Grady's criticism of my article with a great deal of interest and would like to express my full agreement with his conclusions concerning the social causes of Juan's academic retardation. As long as hunger and poverty exist; as long as men are exploited in the interest of maximum profits; as long as the priorities imposed by society rob men of their dignity, Juan will always be in our schools.

However, I disagree with the three major points of his criticism of my article.

First, he states that I claim Juan's teacher is incapable of understanding him because she comes from the middle classes. This is not accurate. Miss X's failure is not the result of her being middle class, but the result of her acceptance of the values of an inadequate society, i.e., illusionary security in exchange for acceptance of the status quo. Miss X betrays both herself and Juan by failing to question the values of the system. It is impossible for her to understand the complexities of the slum child's problems from the perspective of the status quo and the norm child of the education course.

Miss X will only be able to understand Juan and Clyde when she is ready to constantly question and reappraise the values she must teach. She must be willing to fight for her own professional dignity and Juan's worth as a human being before she can hope to understand Juan.

Secondly, he questions whether I would replace Dick and Jane with text books that faithfully mirror Juan's slum environment; whether I would make the slum reality a twenty-four-hour-a-day affair even in the schools. But the slum reality is already a twenty-four-hour-a-day affair in the schools. One has only to visit the health classes where there is no health, the opportunity classes where there are no opportunities to find that out.

As for Dick and Jane, it is not simply a question of Juan not being able to relate to their middle-class lives. Dick and Jane fail Juan and Clyde and the real Dicks and Janes in a much more basic sense; they fail to serve the fundamental purpose of education—the search for truth. In a complex world where hunger, poverty, automation, and the threat of atomic destruction are daily realities, their colorless world offers nothing to today's children.

Finally, I would not, as you suggest, abolish all values that are not specifically applicable to the slum world. What I would hope to see is the democratic development of a world in which values like love, truth, dignity, and justice have a real meaning. A world where man is not reduced to a commodity. A world in which Juan and Clyde, Dick and Jane can join in the search for the truth that is essential to the nature of man wherever there is language, no matter how crude.

ROBERT ARNOLD

THE SCREEN

Darkness into Light

IT IS almost impossible to comprehend the mind of seven-year-old Helen Keller when Annie Sullivan first took over. Deaf and blind since she was two, the mute little girl was like an uncontrollable animal, but she was not entirely stupid, and instinctively she knew how to win what she wanted from her indulgent parents. When they realized, however, that something had to be done for the wild child, they hopefully hired Annie. "The Miracle Worker" (United Artists) vividly portrays the beginnings and first victories in the struggle of Annie Sullivan to turn this unbridled creature into a functioning human being with some realization of the life around her.

Although we know the end of the story and that Helen Keller would become one of the great American women, this pre-knowledge by no means detracts from the movie's suspense. "The Miracle Worker" depicts a battle of wills between the young woman, whose background in institutions and near-loss of her own eyes make her all the more determined, and the deaf-blind mute girl, whose only apparent interests are in immediate creature comforts. The long battle in the film is tremendously exciting. Viewers who saw William Gibson's stage play and were thrilled by the high-level performances of Anne Bancroft as Annie and Patty Duke as Helen will again be impressed by the acting of these

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two in the lead roles. Miss Bancroft has a vigor and power in her determination to teach Helen that are inspiring; one struggles with her and believes her when she says that giving up is her idea of original sin. And young Miss Duke is equally stirring as the untamed child who fights her teacher every step of the way—even in the highly emotional later scenes when the confused girl is beginning to understand and wants to learn but still does not grasp the link between her present comforts and the concept of words.

Everyone connected with the movie deserves credit for its success and the extraordinary, often exhausting experience it provides for viewers. Fred Coe has given it a fine production in which Ernest Caparros's black-and-white photography is first-rate. William Gibson wrote the good script from his own play—and wisely shortened and softened the flashback scenes concerned with Annie's grim background. These scenes are done in out-of-focus photography that is lovely. And Arthur Penn has directed them and the main body of the film in a masterly fashion that draws the viewer into the action. At times one works so hard with Annie—to teach Helen to eat with a spoon, to teach Helen obedience, to teach Helen the manual alphabet and words—that one is almost as worn out as Annie herself after each victory.

But Annie's battle is not only with Helen. The child's testy father, doting mother and cynical brother (all well played by Victor Jory, Inga Swenson and Andrew Prine) also have to be handled by the perserving teacher who wants complete charge with no family interference. That Annie wins the battle as well as Helen's love makes her indeed a miracle worker. And the film about her will no doubt hearten teachers and parents everywhere. But "The Miracle Worker" is also an entertaining movie, one of the few movies that succeed in making things of the mind more exciting than spectacular pageantry and action.

IT WOULD seem that Jan De Hartog's novel *The Inspector*, with its post-war story of a Dutch Criminal Investigation agent who is determined to smuggle a Jewish girl across Europe and into Palestine, would be a natural for the movies. And it would seem that the good staff and cast gathered by producer Mark Robson could fashion this adventure story into an exciting film. But the result called "Lisa" (20th Century-Fox) is only a so-so affair. Photographed in color in Amsterdam, London, Tangiers and on the Mediterranean, it has many attractive shots of these places, and the locations are indeed authentic. But the script, written by Nelson Gidding, is a long, rambling affair which never seems to jell.

"Lisa" starts in Holland in 1946 with Stephen Boyd, as the Dutch inspector, trailing Dolores Hart, as Lisa who was a victim of medical experiments in a Nazi concentration camp. The scene moves to London where the girl has gone with Marius Goring, little realizing that the man is a white slaver who intends to send her to South America. In rescuing Lisa, Boyd kills Goring, and then both the inspector and the homeless girl, whose only desire is to get to Palestine to be a nurse, are pursued by the police in England and across Holland.

The best part of "Lisa" is the trip through the Dutch canals in a fishing boat, a voyage made doubly interesting by the boat's gruff captain (excellently played by Leo McKern) and the pursuit of a police sergeant (Donald Pleasence) who looks as if he always gets his man. While director Philip Dunne has put this capable cast through many lively sequences that build up suspense, he also allows the excitement to cool off too often. In "The 39 Steps" Hitchcock took a couple-on-the-run and made each episode more thrilling than the last until the audience was as wound up as the runners. In "Lisa" the letdown between thrills is greater than the thrills. None of the characters has any depth, and at the finale the viewer just waves goodbye and wishes them well after an eventful but peculiarly colorless journey.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

Ghelderode in America

THIS MAGAZINE recently carried a moving remembrance and appreciation by Samuel Draper of the late Belgian playwright, Michel de Ghelderode. Mr. Draper is the president of a society devoted to Ghelderode's work and to spreading knowledge of it in America, which is a very laudable activity. But I'm afraid the organization is falling down on the job; a real live-wire, red-blooded outfit would surely have been out in force a few weeks ago, throwing a picket line around the Cricket Theatre, where "Hop, Signor!" was being given its first American presentation. For to call yourselves "Friends of Michel de Ghelderode" and not do your utmost to keep the innocent and trusting away from what was beyond doubt the worst production of any play by any important contemporary since Lorca's "Blood Wedding" suffered its martyrdom a few years ago, can't help but put your charter under a cloud.

"Hop, Signor!" is clearly not one of Ghelderode's best or biggest works, but it seems to me an entirely representative one which might have served as a good introduction to the playwright's strange and lavish world. For it is about death and the life of the senses that death negates, and also about the tension and necessary relationship between good and evil, appetite and renunciation, hope and despair—all the polarities between

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which Ghelderode's dialectical imagination erects bridges—and it partakes of that lurid, violent atmosphere composed of processions, carnivals, masks, death's-heads, gold and purple tapestries, dwarfs, crucifixes, swords, wine-flasks, beatings, outrages, brutal cries, tendernesses and hieratic smiles, which one continually encounters in this theatre of extremity and paroxysm, where anguish and hope are bound together by the most resilient dramatic means.

You could have gotten only the merest intimation of these things from the Cricket production, and not even that much if you came to it, as most of the audience necessarily did, without any knowledge of Ghelderode on which to base judgments about losses, misconceptions, betrayals, and the like. I was therefore not quite so befuddled nor eventually so comatose as my companion, to whom Ghelderode was completely new and who said to me afterward that although he had received a hint from time to time of something unusually rich in texture and dramatic vision it hadn't been nearly sufficient to keep him awake.

I'm afraid that any further Ghelderode productions in this country are going to have to contend with the apathy and irritation induced by this one. It wasn't that we were asking for the moon; I at least had no real confidence that any off-Broadway company could do full justice to the Belgian's intricately composed patterns of conflict, his oracular and pell-mell language, or his theology which, even more than Claudel's, dares to come to earth and grapple with matter, with the "magnetic power of sin" and the fact that in our lives Heaven and Hell are seldom separated by more than an inch. But such absolute cataclysms of speech, movement, pace, such inspired mis-direction, such a thorough-going rout of theatrical art?

I am unacquainted with Philip Meister's directorial background, but I can only assume it was gained in professional basketball or possibly the game-rooms of cruiseships, since his idea of dramatic movement is to have everybody race furiously up and down the stage or mightily in place, and his criterion for the effective delivery of lines and for ensemble playing is based on sheer velocity, each performer being under orders to pass the ball back as swiftly as it has come, until the audience finds itself wondering why the Boston Celtics should be wearing those funny medieval costumes. But those performers: Cousy and big Bill Russell would really have been preferable.

Jane White, whose role is central, is listed in the playbill as running an acting school, which presents us of course with an embarrassment of possible epigrammatic revenges, but I will content myself with saying that I have never seen an actress whose voice and body were in such disharmony or whose miscalculations about the best way to be tragic, or comic, or seductive, or reflective, or earthy were so gross. As for the rest of the cast, after a hot race I have decided to award my anti-Tony (a small dun-colored figure with its head in a sack and its five-thumbed hands spread out palms upward) to John Granger, whose Executioner resembled nothing so much as a spastic weight-lifter who has taken elocution lessons from Lawrence Welk, although he was hard-pressed by Howland Chamberlain, who played Dom Pilar with some extraordinary movements of the scalp and certain voodoo-like bodily convulsions that must have had every doctor in the audience on the edge of his seat.

If I sound bitter it's because I simply can't understand why with something like nine thousand actors struggling to find work in New York, off-Broadway should exhibit the worst of them week after week. Or why plays like Ghelderode's, which need all the sympathy and understanding and talent we can bring to them, should invariably wind up in the hands of directors like Mr. Meister. Perhaps Mr. Draper's society can be expanded, armed and sent out to befriend not only Ghelderode but all those great contemporaries whom we are turning more and more into caricatures. *(Closed at the Cricket.)*

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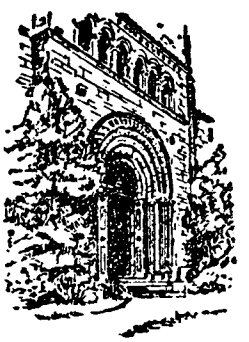

Prospective students should make early application

Still Life in the Faculty Room

She took a bunch of ordinary white
and yellow zinnias, put them in a bowl,
arranged them in a ring of yellow sunlight,
but this configuration of her soul
was lost on them. Absorbed in the strict play
of wit, they did not see the bowl of flowers
that dropped under the surface lights and lay
deeply submerged during a space of hours
that had no place for flowers. Yet when the dull
thin vocables had dried among the lees
in teacups, and the indecipherable
notations on the edge of their unease
faded in ashtrays, they were surprised to find
the zinnia image floating in the mind.

SISTER MARIS STELLA, C.S.J

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The Heritage of Hiroshima

The Irreversible Decision 1939-1950. By Robert C. Batchelder. Houghton Mifflin. $5

by Ronald Steel

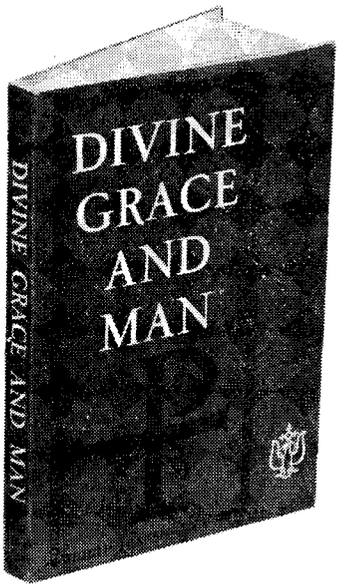
THE LOT of the war moralist has never been an easy one. To reconcile unattainable goals with unjustifiable means is surely the most thankless of tasks. And to attempt this labor in the context of nuclear war is simply to invite disbelief. How is one to combine a commitment to the absolute sacredness of human life with a military strategy directed at the mass obliteration of human beings? Or, specifically, how can nuclear war be justified?

This question has plagued moralists ever since the atomic bomb was used against the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It was a decision made by a handful of men, but one which involved our whole society, and it has troubled the American conscience more than any other military action in our history. In his admirable study *The Irreversible Decision*, Robert Batchelder reviews the decision to make and use the atomic bomb, and examines its effect both on Japan's surrender and on the ethics of modern warfare. Lucidly and fairly he inquires into the problems of Hiroshima, problems that have never been put to rest: did the bomb really save lives by shortening the war? was it the only way Japan could be induced to surrender short of invasion? and even if so, was the use of the second bomb against Nagasaki justified?

The answers, to a large extent, depend on the assumptions behind them. According to President Truman and his advisers, caught up in the mechanics of total warfare, the use of the atomic bomb offered the only hope of shocking the Japanese war leaders into an early surrender. So completely did military strategy dominate policy that alternatives to invasion were scarcely considered. But would invasion have been necessary? Batchelder confirms what other studies have clearly demonstrated: Japan was defeated long before Hiroshima. In the summer of 1945 the Japanese initiated peace feelers through the Soviet Union, indicating they were ready to accept most of the Allies' demands as long as they could keep the Emperor. But the United States, having transformed a political struggle into a crusade, refused to consider anything less than unconditional surrender. Unwittingly, this policy played into the hands of the Japanese war party and frustrated such leaders as Foreign Minister Togo who on July 12 cabled the Japanese ambassador in Moscow that "unconditional surrender is the only obstacle to peace." But the Allies reaffirmed their demands in the Potsdam Declaration, the advocates of a negotiated peace were defeated, and America made the final decision to use the bomb.

Was the decision inevitable? Mr. Batchelder, who believes that the bombs did shorten the war, states that "even within the situation as it had developed by August 1945, alternatives were still open—such as a demonstration of the atomic bomb against a large military installation in Japan, followed by a stern warning—which probably would have brought about Japan's surrender without the great toll of civilian lives resulting from atomic attacks upon two large cities." And even if the Hiroshima bomb could be defended on military grounds, the use of the second bomb against Nagasaki three days later was unnecessary and unjustifiable.

But the issue which has so troubled us since then—the use of the bomb against undefended civilians—was scarcely raised in 1945. The decision had been made much earlier in the obliteration bombing of Germany and Japan, and culminated in the great fire raid against Tokyo which took 100,000 lives in a single night. Having accepted the premises of total war, we gradually became indifferent to the distinction between military and civilian targets, and made civilian morale a direct object of attack.



DIVINE GRACE AND MAN

by Peter Fransen, S.J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the Jesuit Scholasticate of Heverlee (Louvain).

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CLIFFORD HOWELL, S.J.
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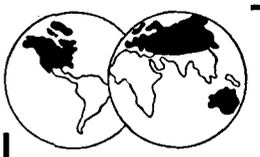

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The concept of the just war, which says that unjust means shall never be used even in pursuit of righteous causes, withered and disappeared. What stand did the Christian moralists take? With a few notable exceptions they supported the war and whatever contributed to "total victory." Unwilling to question the military policies of the state, they condoned whatever means were employed. Later they condemned the atomic bomb, while justifiying its use in times of military necessity. "The internal contradictions in this double position," Batchelder points out, "reflect a deep-going confusion in the thinking of the churches, growing out of their unquestioning acceptance of the presuppositions of total war."

In concluding his balanced and thoughtful study, Batchelder, a Ph.D. and an ordained minister, asks, in the absence of a new ethic that may relate limited political goals to the weapons of unlimited destruction, that the doctrine of the just war be revitalized. But can war in the nuclear age ever be made just? Total weapons mean total war, and there is no high ground for the innocent—soldier or civilian. It would seem that only by recognizing that the quest for total victory is the political corollary of total war can we hope to emerge from the shadow of total destruction.

Choose and Act

The Novice By Giovanni Arpino. George Braziller. $3.95.

by Thomas Curley

HOLD ON to your hats. In this newest release from sunny Italy a forty-year-old man falls in love with a twenty-year-old nun. Sensational! Ah, but that's where you're wrong. You couldn't be wronger. I'm happy to report that the script is written with dignity and restraint and with a strong yet delicate compassion for the human condition and for the tragedy involved in this, as I say, very vital, very tender, very moving movie.

We must respect the male lead. His very first words are, "I am a coward." He is, too. And the nun, well, don't get your hackles up, she's really not a nun, hasn't taken her vows yet (that is suggested, you see, by the title); but this reviewer must state that very delicate and delicious thrills trilled up his back (for back, read spinal cord) when he realized the erotic implications of the lovers' meetings at a lonely trolley-car stop. Let me assure you that nothing happens. That is what is so honest about this film. At first the lovers don't even speak; halfway through they say a few words to each other and conclude with a prayer, the nun, or rather, the novice, having assured the coward that there is nothing at all wrong with what they are doing.

After a few such meetings, the girl asks Antonio (that's his name, you see) to receive and send letters for her. (You know those Catholics. The Sister Superior insists on censoring her mail.) Well, Antonio acts as a go-between for the novice's correspondence with her parents. Very innocent. Very touching. Except he doesn't read the mail. Also very touching, but much too innocent for Antonio's good. The whole point of his handling the mail was to read the letters. The girl didn't take him for that much of a gentleman or a coward.

Anyway, she skips Turin for Ferrara without telling Antonio, who is most disturbed by her absence. Doesn't know what to do with himself. He has given his old girl friend the brushoff and has proved a boor at an office party. What does he do? He goes off to see the girl's parents. Peasants. That's where he finds out he was supposed to read the letters. He is chagrined, feels he has been treated rather shabbily by the little novice. At the end of the show, however, he is scanning the railroad timetable for the schedule to Ferrara.

I could not possibly communicate the full beauty of this film. Suffice to say that the script, in its original form of a novel, won the Borselli Prize for showing "lively possibilities of film treatment." Dino de Laurentiis has done it again, just like Mister Magoo.

The novel, entitled *The Novice*, was translated into English by Pete Green and published in the United States March 19, 1962. Of its two hundred-odd pages, 150 were superfluous. Like the movie, the novel was static, dignified, restrained, vital, compassionate, moving, human tragic, reverent, rewarding. The moral was: "You must choose and act." That's what the dust jacket copy said.

It was a dull novel that might have been a mediocre short story.

Left and Right

Catholicism and Crisis in Modern France: French Catholic Groups at the Threshold of the Fifth Republic By William Bosworth. Princeton University Press. $8.50.

by John Ratté

"OUTSIDE A narrow range of dogma, Catholics disagree among themselves on practically everything relating to social and temporal life.' This comment by William Bosworth sets the tone of the general remarks with which he closes this exhaustive and often exhausting study of Catholic groups active in France in 1958. The detailed and precisely documented analyses of the hierarchy, Catholic Action, Catholic social groups, and the major political and labor organizations with a Catholic affiliation, the MRP (Popular Republican Movement) and the CFTC (French Confederation of Christian Workers) point up the truth of his dictum. Drawing on a wide range of Catholic publications, and on countless interviews with important lay and clerical leaders, Bosworth moves out from the center of French Catholic life to the fringes of a vague affiliation represented by the CFTC and the widely admired journal *Esprit*.

His analysis is three dimensional we are shown the full range of opinion from left to right in each of the concentric circles which radiate out from the hierarchy, and we are also given some information about the historical antecedents of each group, and some suggestions as to their possible future evolution. The same basic problems—". . . the na

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ture of the regime, [the] means for solving the Algerian problem, and state aid to private schools"—which Bosworth regards as "the keystones of the French political crisis" are examined at each stage of the analysis, so that the reader can measure one group or tendency against another. In the interests of completeness the author has organized his book to the point where divisions and sub-divisions prove distracting, especially in those chapters devoted to a historical sketch of Church-State relations in France since the late 19th century and to a presentation of the organizational structure of the "ecclesiastical nucleus." But this is a small price to pay for such a wealth of information and analysis.

Since it is the *political* implications of Catholic groups with which the book is principally concerned, the discussions of Catholic Action, the Catholic Press, and the MRP are the most exciting for the student of French politics, and the most suggestive for the American Catholic who is concerned with his role in the City. Although we have no direct parallels in our national life to the crises of the Fourth and the Fifth Republics, the problems of the range and power of the federal government, of integration (especially in view of the recent events in New Orleans), and of "state aid to private schools" are issues which divide American Catholics even as the French are divided.

Bosworth intends no comparative analysis. His discussion is always impartial, although it seems clear that his own sympathies lie with the left rather than the right. His repeated allusions to the possibility of a strong Right Catholic party forming around Georges Bidault, with the inevitable weakening of the fragile and "plethoric" MRP which would follow, shows this. But no sociological study has ever been marred by suggesting comparisons beyond the context of its own research; and it is unavoidable that the sociology of religious groups, especially of Catholic groups, should have universal implications.

American Catholicism has never known a feudal past. The lesson which the French bishops learned during the crisis of the Separation of Church and State—"Ever since the tribulations of the early 1900's, the hierarchy has realized the dangers of too-close affiliation to a single political party"—were matters of constitutional foreknowledge for us. Nor have we known the divisions of Catholic groups by milieu and by class. These are all historical accidents, to our advantage. And yet if his heritage of church-state interrelationship has made the political life of the French Catholic, be he ex-worker-priest, trade-union member, left-wing intellectual, or conservative Cardinal, complex, it has also made it rich with possibilities for Christian action in modern democratic society. (One has the feeling from some of Bosworth's descriptions of extreme right-wing journalism that the Catholic right in France has a certain aura of Christian prudence often lacking in its equivalent in this country. Its hatred of the revolution is tempered by a realism about its achievements.)

It seems clear from this book that Catholic groups in France today are themselves at a moment of crisis. The CFTC seems to be moving toward complete "official" de-Christianization; Catholic Action is weak in the bourgeois world, and needs some new stimulus, perhaps of the type of the ill-fated worker-priest movement, if it is to continue as an effective counter-force to Communism among the workers. And yet the MRP has made gains in the last two elections, and Bosworth is hopeful that in the days of political decision ahead, "Leaders and articulate members of most Catholic groups will be counted among the devoted champions" of democratic values "in any final test of strength with the proto-Fascists."

REVIEWERS

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